NUMB. CCCCXC.

The SPECTATOR.

Domus & placens Uxor Hor.

Monday, September 22. 1712.

I Have very long entertained an Ambition to make the Word *Wife* the moſt agreeable and delightful Name in Nature. If it be not ſo in it ſelf, all the wiſer Part of Mankind from the Beginning of the World to this Day has conſented in an Error: But our Unhappineſs in *England* has been, that a few looſe Men of Genius for Pleaſure, have turned it all to the Gratification of ungoverned Deſires, in Deſpite of good Senſe, Form, and Order; when, in Truth, any Satisfaction beyond the Boundaries of Reaſon, is but a Step towards Madneſs and Folly. But is the Senſe of Joy and Accompliſhment of Deſire no Way to be indulged or attained? and have we Appetites given us to be at all gratify'd? Yes certainly. Marriage is an Inſtitutution calculated for a conſtant Scene of as much Delight as our Being is capable of. Two Perſons who have choſen each other out of all the Species, with Deſign to be each other's mutual Comfort and Entertainment, have in that Action bound themſelves to be good-humour'd, affable, diſcreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with Reſpect to each other's Frailties and Perfections, to the End of their Lives. The Wiſer of the Two (and it always happens one of them is ſuch) will, for her or his own Sake, keep things from Outrage with the utmoſt Sanctity. When this Union is thus preſerv'd (as I have often ſaid) the moſt indifferent Circumſtance adminiſters Delight. Their Condition is an endleſs Source of new Gratifications. The marry'd Man can ſay, If I am unacceptable to all the World beſide, there is one, whom I entirely love, that will receive me with Joy and Tranſport, and think her ſelf obliged to double her Kindneſs and Careſſes of me from the Gloom with which ſhe ſees me overcaſt. I need not diſſemble the Sorrow of my Heart to be agreeable there, that very Sorrow quickens her Affection.

This Paſſion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very Conſtitution, and the Kindneſs flows as eaſily and ſilently as the Blood in the Veins. When this Affection is enjoyed in the moſt ſublime Degree, unſkilful Eyes ſee nothing of it; but when it is ſubject to be changed, and has an Allay in it that may make it end in Diſtaſte, it is apt to break into Rage, or overflow into Fondneſs, before the reſt of the World.

Uxander and *Viramira* are amorous and young, and have been married theſe two Years; yet do they ſo much diſtinguiſh each other in Company, that in your Converſation with the dear things you are ſtill put to a Sort of Croſs-Purpoſes. Whenever you addreſs your ſelf in ordinary Diſcourſe to *Viramira*, ſhe turns her Head another Way, and the Anſwer is made to the dear *Uxander*: If you tell a merry Tale, the Application is ſtill directed to her Dear; and when ſhe ſhould commend you, ſhe ſays to him, as if he had ſpoke it, That is, my Dear, ſo pretty---- This puts me in Mind of what I have ſomewhere read in the admired Memoirs of the famous *Cervantes*, where, while honeſt *Sancho Pança* is putting ſome neceſſary humble Queſtion concerning *Rozinante*, his Supper, or his Lodgings, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance is ever improving the harmleſs lowly Hints of his Squire to poetical Conceit, Rapture, and Flight, in Contemplation of the dear *Dulcinea* of his Affections.

On the other Side, *Diſtamnus* and *Moria* are ever ſquabbling, and you may obſerve them all the Time they are in Company in a State of Impatience. As *Uxander* and *Viramira* wiſh you all gone, that they may be at Freedom for Dalliance, *Diſtamnus* and *Moria* wait your Abſence, that they may ſpeak their harſh Interpretations on each other's Words

Words and Actions during the Time you were with them.

It is certain, that the greater Part of the Evils attending this Condition of Life ariſes from Faſhion. Prejudice in this Caſe is turned the wrong Way, and inſtead of expecting more Happineſs than we ſhall meet with in it, we are laughed into a Prepoſſeſſion, that we ſhall be diſappointed if we hope for laſting Satisfactions.

With all Perſons who have made good Senſe the Rule of Action, Marriage is deſcribed as the State capable of the higheſt humane Felicity. *Tully* has Epiſtles full of affectionate Pleaſure, when he writes to his Wife or ſpeaks of his Children. But above all the Hints of this Kind I have met with in Writers of ancient Date, I am pleaſed with an Epigram of *Martial*, in Honour of the Beauty of his Wife *Cleopatra*. Commentators ſay it was written the Day after his Wedding Night. When his Spouſe was retired to the Bathing room in the Heat of the Day, he, it ſeems, came in upon her when ſhe was juſt going into the Water. To her Beauty and Carriage on this Occaſion we owe the following Epigram, which I ſhewed my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB in *French*, who has tranſlated it as follows, without underſtanding the Original. I expect it will pleaſe the *Engliſh* better than the *Latin* Reader.

When my bright Conſort, now nor Wife nor Maid,
Aſham'd and wanton, of Embrace afraid,
Fled to the Streams, the Streams my Fair betray'd.
To my fond Eyes ſhe all tranſparent ſtood,
She bluſh'd, I ſmil'd at the ſlight covering Flood.
Thus through the Glaſs the lovely Lilly glows,
Thus through the ambient Gem ſhines forth the Roſe.
I ſaw new Charms, and plung'd to ſeize my Store,
Kiſſes I ſnatch'd, the Waves prevented more.

My Friend would not allow that this luſcious Account could be given of a Wife, and therefore uſed the Word *Conſors*, which, he learnedly ſaid, would ſerve for a Miſtreſs as well, and give a more Gentlemanly Turn to the Epigram. But, under Favour of him and all other ſuch fine Gentlemen, I cannot be perſwaded but that the Paſſion a Bridegroom has for a virtuous young Woman, will, by little and little, grow into Friendſhip, and then it is aſcended to an higher Pleaſure than it was in its firſt Fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate Man who has enter'd into this State, and left the Habitudes of Life he might have enjoy'd with a faithful Friend. But when the Wife proves capable of filling ſerious as well as joyous Hours, ſhe brings Happineſs unknown to Friendſhip it ſelf. *Spencer* ſpeaks of each Kind of Love with great Juſtice, and attributes the higheſt Praiſe to Friendſhip; and indeed there is no diſputing that Point, but by making that Friendſhip take its Place between two married Perſons.

Hard is the Doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three Kinds of Love together meet,
And do diſpart the Heart with Power extreme,
Whether ſhall weigh the Ballance down; to win
The dear Affection unto Kindred ſweet,
Or raging Fire of Love to Womenkind,
Or Zeal of Friends, combin'd by Virtues meet.
But, of them all, the Band of virtuous Mind,
Methinks the gentle Heart ſhould moſt aſſured bind.

For natural Affection ſoon doth ceaſe,
And quenched is with Cupid's *greater Flame;*
But faithful Friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſs,
And them with maſtering Diſcipline doth tame,
Through Thoughts aſpiring to eternal Fame.
For as the Soul doth rule the Earthly Maſs,
And all the Service of the Body frame;
So Love of Soul doth Love of Body paſs
No leſs than perfect Gold ſurmounts the meaneſt Braſs.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, to morrow being Tueſday, the 22d of September, will be preſented a Comedy, call'd, The Chances, as it was alter'd by the late Duke of Buckingham. The Part of Don John by Mr. Wilks, Don Frederick Mr. Mills, Don Antonio Mr. Pinkethman, Anthony Mr. Norris, Conſtable Mrs. Oldfield. To which will be added a Farce, call'd, The Country-Wake: The Part of Hob by Mr. Dogget, Friendly Mr. Pack, Sir Tho. Teſty Mr. Bullock Junr. Mrs. Swallow.

N. B. Advertiſements for Plays will (for the future) be inſerted only in the Spectator, and not in the Daily-Courant as uſual

Loſt the 18th Inſtant a Bank-Receipt for Ten Cloſſes, in the Name of Fiſher Tench, Eſq; ſign'd by Joſ. Cadane, N° 143. Whoever brings it to Mr. Tho. Madocks at the Bank of England, ſhall have Two Guineas Reward, it being of no Uſe, for no Tickets will be deliver'd out for the ſaid Receipt.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

Mr. Aſgill's Defence upon his Expulſion from the Houſe of Commons of Great-Britain in 1707. With an Introduction and a Poſtſcript. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane. Price 12 d.

Conſumptions of all ſorts radically Cured by a famous Elixir peculiarly invented for that Diſeaſe; its wonderful Efficacy ſufficiently explodes the Erroneous Opinion, that Conſumptions are incurable, ſince it abſolutely retrieves the Patient, though reduc'd to a meer Skeleton; quickly takes off all the Symptoms, as Cough, Hoarſeneſs, Wheezing, Shortneſs of Breath, Pain or Weight in the Breaſt, ſpitting of Blood, ſoreneſs of the Stomach, Throat or Wind-pipe; alſo Catarrhs or Defluxions of ſharp Rheume, and all Phtiſical and Aſthmatick Affects, Hectick Feaver, &c. perfectly cures all internal Ulcers, reſtores all inward Waſtings, Weakneſs and Decay of Nature, being Balſamic and Strengthning beyond Compariſon; it diſcreetly eradicates the firſt Principle, or cauſe of Conſumptions, rectifying the Diſorders of Stomach and firſt Paſſages, creating an Appetite, procuring a good Digeſtion, reducing the vicious Ferment of the Blood and Juices, correcting the Acrid Salts that erode the Lungs, certainly healing Ulcers therein, and infallibly curing all ſorts of Conſumptions, tho' never ſo bad, in a very ſhort time to a Miracle. Price 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle with Directions. Sold only at Mr. Osborn's Toyſhop at the Roſe and Crown under St. Dunſtan's Church in Fleetſtreet.

The bitter Stomatick Tincture, a moſt wonderful Medicine to create an Appetite and help Digeſtion; and though a bitter, is exceeding grateful and pleaſant, corroborating and comforting all the internal Parts, taking away Crudities, Wind, and Pains, whether in the Stomach or Bowels: It is almoſt incredible to believe how much it nouriſhes the Blood and preſerves Health, and cauſes ſickly weak People to be healthy and ſtrong, and thoſe that look pale, whitely and wan, (as many Children as well as grown People do) to be of a ruddy and florid Complection; is ſold for 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle (which will laſt a great while) at the Golden Key in Wartons Court, near Holborn-Bars.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.

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